

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 255.]

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

## New London Bridge.—Proposed Level Street.



In a very early part of our work, it will be remembered, we gave a design of the New London Bridge, and having subsequently collected much information in relation to this important undertaking, we have still another grand point left, on which are founded the subsequent remarks: It has been proved, that on the completion of the New Bridge, it will be impossible to effect an ascent for a heavily laden vehicle, unless a level street be formed, as represented in the above engraving. Mr. Peter Jeffery, who has projected the important alteration, has favoured us with the following observations, and first very minutely describes the illustration we give of the new street.

This view represents a continuation of the new bridge, crossing Upper Thames-street by an archway. An approach to Fish-street-hill is also shown by a curved road leading from the north land arch of the new bridge, and passing by the front of Saint Magnus church. Owing to its curvature, this road has a longer and easier descent than can be obtained by means of a road made in a straight line from the new bridge to Fish-street-hill.

In the act of parliament for building

the new bridge, a power is given to purchase the following houses, viz. Nos. 121 to 128, in Upper Thames-street, Nos. 1 and 2, on the south side of Lower Thames-street, also Fresh-wharf, Nos. 119 to 127, on the north side of Lower Thames-street, Nos. 23 to 28, on the west side, and Nos. 30 to 33, on the east side, of Fish-street-hill.

Such are purchases which have been deemed necessary for raising the foot of Fish-street-hill four feet, that the ascent to the bridge may be rendered easier; yet it rests to be objected after all, that this ascent will be as much as twenty-one feet in a length of two hundred and thirty; for the centre of the new bridge is about twenty-seven feet above the level of Thames-street, whilst the land-arch of that bridge is about twenty-five feet above such level; consequently, after having raised the foot of Fish-street-hill four feet, according to the plan in progress, the ascent to the land-arch of the new bridge will become twenty-one feet.

And if all the valuable houses before mentioned should be removed, the steepness would still be such that wagons heavily laden could scarcely be able to ascend the bridge; wherefore it may prove

requisite to purchase additional houses as well in Fish-street hill, as in Upper and Lower Thames streets; in other words, it must be recollected that Fish-street-hill cannot be farther raised without Upper and Lower Thames streets being similarly raised towards the foot of that hill. Moreover it may be doubted if the intended approach to the new bridge can be made commodious in this way, or indeed in any other which does not include land stretching north, rather than east and west.

The proposition therefore becomes, that none of the houses on Fish-street-hill and in Upper and Lower Thames streets ought to be removed, excepting those of Messrs. Jones and Co. in Upper Thames-street; immediately facing the new bridge; for the money required to buy the property from Upper Thames-street to Cannon-street will not be more than the cost of purchasing and clearing away the houses already enumerated in Upper and Lower Thames streets and Fish-street-hill; which is to say, that the proposed level street can generally traverse retired thoroughfares, in which is much vacant ground, and where the present buildings are of inferior value.

Pursuing the line from the new bridge to Cannon-street, near Miles's-lane, by one from Cannon-street to Cornhill, the proposed level street will pass through the present post-office, which is crown property, and by giving a double frontage to such part of that office as is not wanted for carrying the proposed level street into effect, the crown may neither gain nor lose, that is, pecuniarily. It will also be proper to purchase and remove two or three houses at the north-east corner of Great East-cheap, that wagons, as well as heavy carriages of any description, coming from Gracechurch-street and going to the Borough, may, in order to avoid the descent of Fish-street-hill and ascent of the new bridge, turn towards Cannon-street, and proceed on the proposed level street.

Let it be observed here, that formerly Saint Magnus church and church-yard were detached, whereas now they become attached. This communication can be accomplished by making an embankment of the river from the foot of the new bridge to Fresh-wharf. The expense of which will be but trifling, and the object gained be of great importance.

And if a boat-stairs should be made, not immediately at the east side of the new bridge, which place would become objectionable from being a great thoroughfare, but at the west end of Saint Magnus church-yard, which would be more convenient, and might serve as a landing-place for passengers, and wharf for steam-boats. Luggage could be housed in the

vaults fronting the Thames, conveyed under shelter to Thames-street, and forwarded to order, and not incommode the passing above.

A boat-stairs at the west side of the new bridge must be peculiarly objectionable to the Fishmongers' Company, whose liverymen may find that fish is not the only article that comes from Billingsgate. Or shall not the Fishmongers' Company, upon rebuilding their hall, prefix a handsome edifice of modern architecture, as well as raised on arches, to afford a finer prospect, as having a spacious terrace adorning the new bridge, and inviting the public to enjoy a healthful promenade. New Fishmongers' Hall, besides, may have a side entrance on a level with the new bridge.

Thus does the proposed level street appear essential, whilst other considerations seem to recommend it for adoption. It must suffice to mention also the increasing population of Surrey and Kent, the actual want of a direct line of communication with the Mansion-House, Bank of England, Royal Exchange, Stock Exchange, and Lloyd's Coffee-House.

## Sights of London.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the present year displays an unusual variety of talent. In the higher walks of painting and sculpture we have some fine specimens, and in landscape, animals, and portraiture we are gratified on viewing productions honourable to our native school. Portraits, as usual, prevail; and the worthy president, in this peculiar line of art, whom no one can surpass, stands pre-eminent and unrivalled. *The Portrait of Mrs. Peel* of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which particularly ranks among the happiest efforts of this great master, we especially note for our readers' attention.

It cannot be expected that within our limited number of pages we can even name a tenth part of the pictures that have won our admiration; and however much our inclination might prompt us to be elaborate in our remarks, we shall, for the same reason, abandon the suggestion of our old friend, Charles Mathews, who hints the necessity of "beginning with No. 1," and progressing gradually to "No. 1,000." It must suffice us to give an analysis of the works before us, and leave the subject-matter, like the narrative of a good novel, to the especial enjoyment of our readers. Etty, Hilton, and Haydon present us with some splendid historical works; Callcott, Collins, Constable,

and Turner, landscape and sea-pieces; animals by Edwin Landseer, Cooper, and Ward; and miscellaneous subjects by Hayes, Stephanoff, Singleton, Gill, Corbett, Worthington, Edmonstone, Severn, Good, Jones, Danby, Westall, Eastlake, Mulready, Allan, Clint, Wood, Briggs, Leslie, and Newton. We have room for a brief description only of the following splendid works:—

No. 178, *The Crucifixion*, W. Hilton, R. A. This picture is in three compartments, the centre, in which the cross is elevated, being circular at top. At the foot is a pathetic group of the earthly relatives and followers of Christ; at the sides, the guards, executioners, and other figures boldly contrasted, and admirably painted. One man, on the left as you look at the picture, with his arm stretched forward, is a superb example of foreshortening; and, what is of rare occurrence, the Saviour himself realizes the idea of divine beauty and earthly suffering combined in this awful scene. The effect of this sublime picture is solemn and powerful; and the whole performance reflects the highest credit on the talents of the artist.

No. 373, *Scene on the French Coast*, R. P. Bonnington. A pleasing effort. The water and figures are admirable.

No. 12, *Judith and Holofernes*, W. Eity, A. A very superior and magnificent work. Judith is uttering a short prayer while she raises the sword to smite off the head of the sleeping Holofernes.

And here, for the present, we conclude, as we intend speedily to resume our account of this popular exhibition.

#### QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

From the *Monthly Magazine*, Feb. 1827.

Oh, what is pleasure—in whose chase  
Life's one brief day is made a race  
Of vanity and lightness?

A star, to gaze on whose bright crown  
We wait until the sun goes down,  
And find, when it has o'er us shone,  
No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is friendship?—that false flower  
Which spreads its leaves at daylight's hour  
And closes them at eve,  
Opening its petals to the light—  
Sweet breathing—when the sun shines bright;  
But shut to those who in the night  
Of doubt and darkness grieve.

And what are hopes?—nay butterflies,  
That on the breath of fancy rise  
Where'er the sunshine lures them;  
Few ever, ever on the wing,  
Mocking our faint steps following;  
And if at last caught, perishing  
In the grasp that secures them.

2 A 2

And what is fame?—the smile that alays  
The cup in which sweet poison plays,

At best the flowery wreath  
That twines around the victim's head,  
Where, 'mid sweet flowers around it spread,  
And harps' and timbrels' sounds, 'tis led  
Melodiously to death.

And our affections; what are they?  
Oh! blossoms smiling on the spray,  
All beauty and all sweetness—  
But which the canker may lay bare,  
Or rude hands from the branches tear,  
Or blighting winds leave withering there,  
Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is life itself?—a sail,  
With sometimes an auspicious gale,  
And some bright sunbeams round it;  
But oftener amidst tempests cast,  
The lowering sky, the howling blast,  
And whelmed beneath the wave at last,  
Where never plummet sounded.

#### Lines, in reply to the above.

(For the Mirror.)

An! Muse, thy voice is sweet and bright!  
Thy harp is strung with wires of light,  
Then why so sad thy lay?  
Touch thou that joyless harp again,  
Forget such cheerless, mournful strain—  
Thy former theme of woe and pain,  
And swell a note more gay;  
So learn, thou sad desponding one,  
Man is not made for tears alone.

The mine in night may darkling be,  
Albeit he who delves will see  
Full many a precious gem;  
The wave may thick and turbid flow,  
But treasures sleep far, far below,  
And gladly will their wealth bestow  
On him who dives for them:  
So deeper, Muse, thy labour press,  
And latent good thy toil will bless.

Yes! Fame and Pleasure wild wisps are,  
That promise joy and ease afar,  
Their pledge and plight denying;  
But on their simple prey they lure,  
Telling of fountains gushing pure,  
A green oasis they ensue,

Then sink, and leave him dying:  
If man—wild—fathless guides will choose  
What wonder they his trust abuse?

Hope is the bow—Heaven's own bright bow,  
That spans the sky with joyous glow,  
Pledge of a fairer morn:

She comes, perchance, 'mid storm and shower,  
But tho' dark clouds still weep and lower,  
She promises a brighter hour,

A coming happier dawn:  
She soothes all rising threatening sorrows,  
And lends the radiant tints she borrows.

And friendship is the sun's bright beams,  
Oh! 'tis no passing summer gleam,  
Life's joy, and charm, and breath:  
It shines thro' cold and wintry day,  
It warms—it lights with constant ray,  
And never, never fades away  
Till comes the night of death:  
Ah, Muse! thou canst not know the bliss—  
The spell of friendship true as this:

Then think not life a barren spot,  
Where hope, and joy, and truth are not,  
Man's lot to sorrow dooming:  
No! 'tis a plain where sunbeams glow,  
Where fruits and trees luxuriant grow,  
And pure and sweet flowers gaily blow,  
In fragrant beauty blooming.  
Alas! alas! man rears rank weeds,  
And scatters round him poison seeds.

There's not a gift, a good, a joy,  
But man has laboured to destroy,  
A blight o'er all things flinging:  
God sends all good and blessing here,  
To mend—to purify—to cheer,  
And fain would stanch the bitter tear,  
From man's perverseness springing;  
Man's pride the proffered blessing spurns,  
And veriest good to evil turns.

There is a man who calm can bear  
This chequered scene of joy and care,  
Is firm whate'er may come;  
The path or smooth or rough may be,  
He steps along all cheerfully,  
Whate'er betide, right well knows he  
He journeys to his home;  
Each evil as each good compelling  
To fit him for his heavenly dwelling.

H.

### MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

(For the Mirror.)

It is well known, that Milton never enjoyed in his lifetime the reputation which he deserved. His *Paradise Lost* was long neglected. Lord Somers, by encouraging a good edition of it, about twenty years after the author's death, first brought it into request; and Tonson, in his dedication of a smaller edition, speaks of it as a work just beginning to be known. "It was (says Hume) during a state of poverty, blindness, disgrace, danger, and old age, that Milton composed his wonderful poem, which not only surpassed all the performances of his contemporaries, but all the compositions which had flowed from his pen, during the vigour of his age and the height of his prosperity." This circumstance is not the least remarkable of all those which attended that great genius. The forms of expression in which the sublime poet was regarded by Whitlock, lord keeper for the commonwealth, and Heath, the chronicler of the civil wars, are not a little amusing to posterity. The former speaks of "one Milton, a blind man," and says the latter, "one Milton, since stricken with blindness." These were men of reputation themselves, but says Walpole, "contemporaries are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame."

Milton experienced some difficulty in getting his poem of *Paradise Lost* li-

censed, the licenser imagining that, in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse, he had discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and Milton sold his MS. to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a proviso, that on thirteen hundred copies being sold, he was to receive five pounds more; and the same for the second and third editions.

The first edition appeared in 1667, in ten books, small quarto, advertised at 3s. plainly bound; but as it met with no very quick sale, the titles were varied, in order to promote its circulation—thus the edition of 1667, is frequently found with the titles of 1668 and 1669.

In two years, the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed, April 26, 1669.

The second edition was printed in 8vo. 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment. The third edition was published in 1678. The copy-right then devolving to Milton's widow, she agreed with Simmons to receive eight pounds for it; this agreement was concluded, and the receipt signed December 21, 1680. Simmons transferred the right for twenty-five pounds, to a bookseller, named Brabazon Aylmer, and Aylmer sold half to Jacob Tonson, August 17, 1683, and the other half at a price considerably advanced, March 24, 1690.

Dr. Bentley, for his edition of Milton, in 1732, received one hundred and five pounds; and Dr. Newton, for editing the *Paradise Lost*, received six hundred and thirty pounds, and for *Paradise Regained*, one hundred and five pounds.

Milton was born on the morning of December 9, 1608, at the Sign of the Spread Eagle, Bread-street, Cheapside. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ Church, Cambridge—died in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, 1674, aged sixty-six; and was buried at Cripplegate Church, where a monument was erected to his memory. By his more able biographers, he has been justly accounted "one of the greatest geniuses England ever produced," and the "most wonderfully sublime of any poet in any language."

F. R. Y.

### LAVENHAM BELLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The bells in Lavenham tower, Suffolk, having been long admired by the curious in bell-ringing, a description of them may not be unacceptable to your

numerous Suffolk readers, if not the readers of the *MIRROR* in general, particularly to the antiquary and lover of harmony; and if you think the following account of them worthy a place in your amusing and instructive work, you will oblige a subscriber by inserting it.

H. M. K.

#### WEIGHT.

Treble, 7 cwt. 4lbs.; second, 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs.; third, 7½ cwt.; fourth, 8 cwt.; fifth, 10 cwt.; sixth, 13 cwt.; seventh, 17 cwt.; tenor, 23 cwt.

#### INSCRIPTIONS.

1st. William Dobson, founder, 1811.

2nd. William Dobson, founder, 1811.

3rd. Henry Pleasant Made Me, 1702.

4th. Jacobus Fvler Et Antonivs Hormesbye Guardiani Ecclesie De Lavenham, i. e. James Fuler and Anthony Hormesby, church-wardens of Lavenham. Between the words "De Lavenham" and "Jacobus" is "Ricardus Bowler," and a little below—"Me Fecit, 1603," i. e. Richard Bowler made me in 1603.

5th. Henry Pleasant Made Me, 1703.

6th. Hic mevs vavs erit popvlvm clamore vocare. That is, this shall be my use, to call the people by my voice. This bell is dated "1603," and below the date, on another line, is "Ricardus Bowler Me Fecit," i. e. Richard Bowler made me. This bell is embellished in four different places with a dwarfish figure, having its arms and legs extended, and is otherwise much ornamented.

7th. Henry Pleasant Made Me, 1702.

8th. Myles Graye Made Me, 1626.

The note of the tenor is so fine as hardly to be surpassed by that of any bell in the kingdom.

John Kirby, treating of Lavenham bells, in his well-known *Suffolk Traveller*, printed ninety-two years ago, says, page 88, "the tenor hath such an admirable note, as perhaps England has none to compare to it."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who was lord of the manor of Lavenham, and one of the most learned antiquaries of his time, was a bell-ringer, as was Sir Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the court of Common Pleas. William Cecil, high treasurer of England, was also a bell-ringer.

#### DELIGHTFUL WOODS.

(For the Mirror.)

At Cape Verd, in Africa, are woods of orange and lemon trees; in Ceylon are woods of cinnamon trees; in the Molucca

Islands, woods of clove trees; in the Islands of Nero, Loutom, Loagain, &c., woods of nutmeg trees; in Braail, woods of Braail trees, &c.; in Numidia, woods of date trees; in Madagascar, woods of tamarind trees; in England, woods of oak.

\* Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,  
While by our oaks, the precious loads are born,  
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,  
The Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
Than what more humble mountains offer here,  
Where in their blessings, all those Gods appear.  
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;  
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,  
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand."

P. T. W.

### The Watering Places.

No. VI.

#### LEAMINGTON.

THE town of Leamington is delightfully seated on the banks of the river *Leam*, from whence it derives its name, and is distant about two miles from Warwick. It was originally called Leamington Priors, as it formerly belonged to the priory of Kenilworth, but is now more properly designated Leamington Spa. Till within these few years, Leamington was a mean inconsiderable village, consisting of a few scattered cottages, but has acquired that celebrity which it at present enjoys, on account of the medicinal properties of its saline springs; and may now, with justice, be said to vie in comfort and elegance with any of the watering places in the kingdom. Where a short time since the corn and grass grew with luxuriance, we now see

—————"With pleasure and surprise,  
Superb hotels and handsome structures rise,  
With aspect fair, and numerous now they stand,  
Meet to receive the Princes of the land."

It is evident, however, from the following passage in Camden's *Britannia*, that the saline properties of these springs have been known for several years, "Leamington, (so called from the little river Leame, which runs through the precinct thereof,) where there rises a salt spring." Dugdale also, in his *History of Warwickshire*, observes, "Nigh to the east end of the church there is a spring of salt water, (not above a stone's throw from the river Leame,) whereof the inhabitants make much use for seasoning meat."

\* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

The river, (over which is a stone bridge of three arches,) divides the town into two parts, which are distinguished by the Old and New Town. The pump-room, or royal bath, is situated in the new town, near the bridge; it is an elegant structure of stone, with a colonnade on three of its sides, formed by pillars of the Doric order; the interior is nearly one hundred feet in length, and is lighted by a range of seven windows on one side, and on the opposite by a large window of stained glass. In the erection of this building, upwards of £25,000. were expended. Besides the pump-room there are several other baths erected in different parts of the town.

Leamington is by no means deficient in places of amusement, the principal of which are the libraries, assembly-rooms, theatre, and Ranelagh-gardens, together with picture-galleries, and bazaars.

The church, which is an ancient building, has now assumed the appearance of a modern edifice, from the additions and repairs it has recently undergone.

The neighbourhood of Leamington abounds with objects alike interesting to the lover of nature, and the antiquary. Amongst these stand pre-eminent, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliff, celebrated as the residence of the renowned Guy, earl of Warwick, who, as the tradition has it, after he had achieved his martial exploits, built here a chapel, led a hermit's life, and was at last buried. Blacklow Hill, noted as the place where Piers Gaveston was beheaded, by Guy de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. Offchurch, famous as being the residence of Offa, king of Mercia, who had a magnificent palace here, where he occasionally resided, and was buried.

M. H.

#### FANCY IN NUBIUS.

*A Sonnet, composed on the Sea Coast.*

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or bid the easily persuaded eyes  
Own each strange likeness issuing from the mould

Of a friend's fancy: or, with head bowed low,  
And cheek astant, see rivers flow of gold  
'Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go  
From mount to mount o'er CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!

Or listening to the tide with closed sight,  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,  
By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,

Bebeld the Iliad and the Odyssey  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

### The Sketch Book.

No. XXXVII.

#### OLD FACES.

THERE is not a fragment of antiquity recorded in Belsoni's Travels, or preserved in the British Museum, that has half the interest of an old face. In spite of all the classic zeal with which a traveller first beholds the mighty Parthenon—in spite of all that affected adoration which we are taught at school for the Grecian and Roman republics—we cannot tread the ground where once their grandeur lived, and where now it lies entombed in massy monuments of mouldering art, without that sentiment of desolateness which Lord Byron has so ably painted in his poem called "The Giaour,"

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" &c.

It is impertinent to quote at length what all the world knows by heart. But in an old face there is no such sentiment; age has been busy with it—so it has with our own. Go to the haunts of thy youth, gentle reader, whether they have been in cities or villages; the old houses you may recollect—they were old when you were young, and they are no more than old now. The old church does not now seem more ivy-grown than it did forty years ago; the village green bears now, as it did then, its short, close, nibbled grass; and the little stream, that you have often crossed, by means of the large broad stones that are placed across its bed, seem like the fragments of some Lilliputian bridge, runs on as clear as ever. The pebbles on its bed are not washed cleaner by the ablutions of years; the pollard willows have still the same aspect, with young shoots on their old stems; the cottages have been whitewashed over and over again, and there they stand as trim and neat, or picturesque, as ever; but you have been in the busy world, and cares have worn you. All the fair phantoms of imaginative youth have faded away, one after the other, and there is nothing here to sympathize with you; but if you meet with the old faces again, then the past is alive indeed. "What! my old schoolmistress! I knew your face again, as if it were but yesterday that I parted with you; and you look so cheerful."—"Alack, sir, I have much to be thankful for indeed: at my time of life I must not look to be very cheerful; I have had my troubles. You remember my poor Bridget; she was a great comfort to me; but now my only remaining prop is removed. But you are amazingly altered—time makes great changes."

We don't want to be told by every body

we are growing old ; but when the memento comes from the kind, feeling, and tremulous voice of an old familiar face, there is something soothing in it—it is one of nature's kindest homilies—there is no triumph over our infirmities, but a sympathy with them. There is a feeling in it which cannot be analyzed, and one does not wish to make the attempt.

There is in the human face what may be not profanely called its "latter-day glory." There is a mildness in the lines of age which promises all the fidelity of a chronicle, without the bitterness of party spirit. If there be any thing good in the heart, age will paint it on the face. If in our journey through life we have had bitter feelings towards each other, and nursed in early youth deep resentments for imagined wrongs, how kindly does time soften down the asperities. Let two that have, in the heat of youthful blood, contended with animosity, and opposed each other with all the fervency of intemperate zeal, meet again in latter years, how ready will each be to apologize, and how reluctantly will each receive the concessions that each is ready to make.

"While yet we live—scarce one short hour,  
perhaps,

between us two let there be peace.

MILTON.

We are now writing in rather a desultory vein—be it so. This is not a subject to be minced and measured out by firstly, secondly, and thirdly. When old friends meet, they are not apt to be very chronological in their talk ; the past is all before them—they choose at liberty where best they like. Questions and answers, exclamations, and half-formed narratives, form the lovely and interesting chaos of their chat. If we were greeted by an old acquaintance, and asked a regular series of questions in a cool, deliberate order, we should suspect that he was prompted by any thing but feeling, and had, perhaps, some design upon us—may be of writing a biography.

Distance of place will, in some instances, produce nearly the same effect as length of time. There can be very little of this sentiment in our own island. The abominable facility of travelling by fly-coaches and steam-packets gives us all a species of ubiquity—we are here and there and every where. But there is no such facility for distant lands. We cannot sail to Africa or Asia faster than the winds and waves will let us.\* The Bay of Biscay and the sands of Arabia equally defy Mr. M'Adam. The Niger is not

navigated by steam-boats, nor are the deserts of Africa accommodated by post-coaches passing every hour. To meet with an old familiar face, in a distant region, is then a luxury sweet as it is rare.

One who bears only the generic name of Englishman is a treasure ; but should he speak the dialect of our native county, or have had his birth in our own town, even though of diverse opinions upon the subjects which separate us here—how dear would be his presence in those remote regions. There would be no thought of distance or of coldness ; the past would be forgotten, and all harsh domestic features would be softened by the distance of home. Or, should the traveller meet in those realms an old familiar face, not all the zeal of research, and the ardour of antique idolatry, could resist the charm. The journal of that day would be marked with a white stone. 'T would be an oasis in the desert—a rose blossoming in the wilderness.

The sympathy pervades nature. The brute creation feels it. When poor old Argus crawled to meet his long-lost master, Ulysses,

"Own'd his returning lord, look'd up and died,"  
that was something like a welcome ; and even the crafty Greek was surprised into unexpected emotion.

To know the value and interest of old faces, we have only to ask ourselves how we have felt at meeting an old friend with a new face.

W. F. S.

## The Novelist.

No. CII.

### THE GUERRILLA BROTHERS.

THE spirit of chivalry which at one time shed a lustre over the name of the unhappy Spaniard, seemed to rekindle for a moment in the day of their degradation—when the giant tread of Napoleon echoed along the track in which the Roman, the Goth, and the Moor had successively preceded him ; and the annals of those desperate struggles which ensued, afford examples of high enthusiasm and heroic valour which seem to belong rather to the history of former times than to the dark and blotted page of the present.

Among the desperate adventurers of Merida's band were two brothers noted for their daring courage, if courage it may be termed, which sets every calculation of danger at defiance. They had volunteered into the band at the same time ; following the same fortunes, sharing the same dangers, and reaping the same glory, it may be supposed that un-

\* Our worthy friend, then, does not take cognizance of "The Enterprise" and the creations of our great two-hundred horse power *Wall*.—Ed.



known and unfriended as they were, the children of the same cradle would have clung to each other with a warm and confiding regard, but in its place a strange mysterious reserve seemed to govern their mutual intercourse. A superficial observer might sometimes have believed them to be enemies; but there was nothing of the bitterness or the hypocrisy of hatred, either in their silence or their looks; and on one or two occasions, a burst of natural feeling was seen to break through the cold and gloomy exterior they had assumed.

These singularities of disposition were ascribed by their comrades to different causes; some attributed it to blighted love, others to the conflict of religious zeal with patriotic enthusiasm. By degrees as they pursued the dangers of war their confidence appeared to forsake them, their ardour became different from that instinctive impulse which prompts on young and fearless hearts to court danger for the very honour of opposing it; mistrust and suspicion usurped the place of fraternal affection; a cold reserve locked up in their bosoms every kindred sympathy; their noble emulation degenerated into a desperate and unnatural rivalry; even in the mad career of victory their enthusiasm seemed to bear some reference to the impenetrable thought which governed their destiny, and at length the fact became certain, from repeated observation, that the one only rushed into danger that the other might be forced, by some secret compact, to follow.

In one of the wildest solitudes of the Sierra Morena had the followers of Merida stationed themselves to harass the march of the French general. A desperate and bloody struggle was the result, and among those who most distinguished themselves in the fearful contest, were the Guerilla Brothers. One of them appeared to be the directing genius of the slaughter; wherever the fight was thickest, there was he foremost; at every cessation of actual struggle, his eyes were turned towards his brother, who, although severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement, was still seen sometimes by his side, but more frequently toiling after him in his furious career, vainly struggling to gain the place which the fierce and haughty glances of the other seemed to dare him to take. The signal for retreat had now sounded, and the Guerillas were suddenly beginning to separate, each taking a different route to their common rendezvous, thus melting away at once before the eyes of the baffled enemy, and eluding his grasp, just at the moment when fresh reinforcements from the

glen assured him of being able to annihilate their slender force at one blow.

The foremost Guerilla, still unwounded, relinquished his prey at the sound, and, dashing into the trees, begun to re-ascend the mountain, when the clash of arms induced him to turn out of his path—and the next moment he beheld his brother, pale, bleeding, and almost exhausted, sinking under the bayonet of a French soldier. Who can paint the contending feelings which at this moment burst upon his mind—the mingled feelings of love, friendship, hatred, hope, fear, pity—all things that can warm, or chill, or melt, or madden the human heart, were there present. A single blow could yet save him—but one bound, and his interposing arm would preserve the life of the son of his own mother—a single shout from his lips would scare away the slayer from his purpose.

It was but a moment—but one moment—the next the living statue started from his trance of horror—the blade quivered in his grasp—the blood rushed into his guilty face—and he sprang with a shout to the rescue. It was too late—the blow had descended; the dying Spaniard turned his face towards his brother, and they exchanged one look—the last.

The Guerilla's eyes were still fixed on the lifeless body of his brother, when their comrades came to bury the dead, and it was by main force that the living was separated from the dead. He now held in his hand a miniature portrait, suspended by a richly wrought gold chain, which he had apparently taken from the neck of his brother, and which corresponded with one he himself wore. These relics appeared, even in his present state, to be objects of the most jealous care; among many incoherent words he muttered Guzman and Leonora, the former addressed to his brother, and the latter to some phantom of his fevered brain; but nothing transpired which at that time could lead to the knowledge of his family or story.

The distracted Guerilla was taken to one of the few remaining convents amongst the hills, which the footsteps of violation and sacrilege had not yet entered, where he received every attention from the pious inmates, which his case required; where many months elapsed before either his mind or body acquired sufficient strength to admit of his going once more into the scenes of the world. One day he was missed from the chapel of the convent, at the time he had devoted, ever since the return of his reason, to penitence and prayer. Another day passed, and he came not; another, and another. It is



not known whether, in some wandering of mind, he had strayed from his hospitable friends, and with the instinct which carries the dove, through unknown paths, to her distant home, had reached the valley in which the years of his boyhood were spent. But home he did return.

The light fell softly on the house he had come to seek—its well-known gardens, the trees, the walks—all things appeared unchanged. The Guerilla approached with a rapid step, but turned suddenly short before he had gained the door. "I will not scare her," muttered he, "with this haggard visage, in the blessed light of day!" and he retired to a distance, from which he might see the house without being perceived.

The last beams of day had at length faded in the valley, and he was astonished to perceive lights in almost every window; he became sick and faint, for the thought struck him that Leonora was dead. At length an increased bustle stole on the night air, and he heard the sounds of music and mirth; a dreadful suspicion flashed on his mind, as he recognized an air commonly used in that province on occasions of nuptial fêtes! and he rushed forward with impetuous haste to the house.

The music and the dance were at the highest, when a confused sound from the porch reached the hall—the music ceased, the dancers stopped short in their career, and the Guerilla burst suddenly into the apartment, so pale, so haggard, so unlike the form of a living man, that it might have seemed, to that startled party, some reviving spirit, conjured up by their ill-timed mirth, from a deep and bloody grave. All shrunk back aghast—except the bride, who fixed her eyes on the unexpected guest while a death-like paleness overspread her countenance. "Leonora!" said the Guerilla; she started; stepped forward as if by an uncontrollable impulse, then suddenly paused, as if transfixed by some hideous recollection. With a trembling hand, the Guerilla undid the gold chains, and bending down, laid the portraits—both portraits of herself—at her feet; then, rising slowly, cast one long and melancholy look on the original, and saying, in a subdued and broken voice, while he crossed his hands on his bosom, "It is just!" turned round and left the apartment.

In vain the music resumed its loudest and wildest strains; in vain the dancers mingled again in the whirl; in vain the bridegroom lent his soothing caresses. The impression made on Leonora, by that dismal scene, was never effaced.

The two brothers had loved her with

the most violent and impetuous passion; and she, though secretly preferring him who had just stood before her, in a romantic spirit of patriotism, had vowed that he only should obtain her love, who went forth to the battles of her insulted country, and returned with the brightest laurels: if either should fall, the survivor was to bring as a token, the portrait, which, with her own hand, she bound round his neck.

The news of the fight we have alluded to, had been accompanied with intelligence of the death of both brothers, probably owing to neither having been again seen in the band; and on this night, with the tears scarcely dry on her cheek, she had yielded an indifferent hand to the solicitations and menaces of her relations.

With regard to the Guerilla, nothing more was known with certainty of his fate; but the body of a man, answering his description, was found long after on the ridge of a distant hill, which overlooks the scene he had quitted. Some earth was thrown over the remains, and a rude cross raised, according to the custom of the country, to mark the spot signalized by the guilt of man, or the vengeance of heaven.—*Head Pieces and Tail Pieces.*

---

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

---

### THE CROSSES OF LIFE.

DEATH takes away the happy and the young,  
And life that is most loathsome is most long:  
And smiles are given to those who prize them  
not;  
And scorn and coldness are the fond one's lot:  
And honours come to those who shrink from  
fame,  
And quiet smother many a soul of flame:  
Those whom we don't like, every day will call.  
And those we do like, never come at all!

*The Inspector.*

### A BATTLE SCENE.

THE following interesting account of a determined conflict between the British and American forces is taken from the articles contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* by *A Subaltern in America*. Preceding our extract it is necessary to state, that the British army was within and about a farm-house, which was protected by a high railing, from which lurking-place they were screened from the observation of the enemy. The subaltern observes,—

We were in the act of springing over it, when the enemy, directing against us a couple of six-pounders, swept down five

or six men out of the company. Among them there was one poor fellow, who received from that fire as horrible a wound as I recollect at any period to have seen. A round shot striking him in the shoulder, tore away the whole of the limb, and left his very lungs exposed to the view of the by-stander. The man was a bit of a favourite with his master. By birth a gipsy, he possessed not only to a high degree the qualities of conviviality and good humour, but he was acknowledged to be by far the most skilful maker of fires, and therefore one of the most useful individuals in the regiment. No rain, however heavy, hindered him from striking a light, and from a light once struck he never failed to produce a blaze. The loss of such a personage could not but be deeply and universally lamented. It may not be amiss to add here, that in spite of the severity of his wound, the poor fellow lingered many days; he was even removed to the ship before he died. Might not the blowing out of a man's brains, under such circumstances, be not only justifiable, but praiseworthy?

Up to this moment, not a single musket had been discharged on either side, and the most perfect silence prevailed throughout the ranks of both armies. The British soldiers moved forward with their accustomed fearlessness, and the Americans, with much apparent coolness, stood to receive them. Now, however, when little more than a hundred paces divided the one line from the other, both parties made ready to bring matters more decidedly to a personal struggle. The Americans were the first to use their small arms. Having rent the air with a shout, they fired a volley, begun upon the right, and carried away regularly to the extreme left; and then, loading again, kept up an unintermitted discharge, which soon in a great degree concealed them from our observation. Nor were we backward in returning the salute. A hearty British cheer gave notice of our willingness to meet them; and firing and running, we gradually closed upon them, with the design of bringing the bayonet into play.

I hardly know what language to employ for the purpose of conveying to the mind of a reader who possesses no practical acquaintance with the subject, something like a clear idea of a battle, at that period in its progress at which we have now arrived. Volley upon volley having been given, we were now advanced within less than twenty yards of the American line; yet such was the denseness of the smoke, that it was only when a passing breeze swept away the cloud for a moment, that either force became visible to

the other. It was not, therefore, at men's persons that the fire of our soldiers was directed. The flashes of the enemy's muskets alone served as an object to aim at, as, without doubt, the flashes of our muskets alone guided the enemy. At last, however, the wind suddenly sprang up. The obscurity in which both parties had been enveloped was cleared away; and there, sure enough, stood our opponents, not, as they had stood an hour ago, in close and compact array, but confused by the murderous fire to which they had been exposed. Napoleon Bonaparte has affirmed, that he never witnessed any thing more terrific than the fire of a British line of infantry. The ex-emperor was perfectly correct. In the armies of other nations, particularly in those of America, many marksmen, more expert as individuals, may be found; but we may search the world over before we shall discover troops, who, as a body, take aim with the same coolness, reserve their fire so well, or, as a necessary consequence, pour it in with such tremendous effect as our own soldiers. Of this the Americans had to-day received the most appalling proofs; numbers lay dead among the feet of their comrades; numbers more had retired maimed or wounded; and those who still kept the field were broken and confused. One thing alone was required to complete the rout. Our gallant fellows, uttering a hearty cheer, threw in their last volley, and then rushed forward with the bayonet; but a shock, which the flower of European armies had never been able to withstand, the Americans ventured not to receive. They lost in a moment all order, and fled, as every man best could, from the field.

There was but one road along which horses or carriages could move, and it became crowded to excess in a moment. Whilst the infantry, dashing into the forest, thought to conceal themselves among its mazes, the cavalry, of which a few squadrons had been drawn up upon their right, scampered off by the main road, and was immediately followed by guns, tumbrils, ammunition-wagons, and the whole *matériel* of the army. To arrest the progress of all, or some part of that force, became now our great object. "Hurrah for the guns!" was a word of command first uttered by Colonel Brooke; it was repeated, with loud laughter and tumultuous outcries, from one rank to another; and desperate and unintermitting were the efforts which we made to overtake and cut off such as were hindmost. But unhappily the absence of even the mounted troopers told sorely against us to-day. The truth of it is, the American

resistance, drawn by fleet horses, readily escaped. And out of the whole party, only two guns, and one tumbril alone, fell into our hands. Of prisoners, however, we were fortunate enough to secure a few. The fourth regiment, which had made a detour for the purpose of turning the enemy's left, though it arrived not in time to take much share in the action, succeeded in cutting off about half of a battalion from the high road; and this body, driven back upon its pursuers, saved itself from annihilation by laying down its arms.

Thus ended the affair of the 12th of September, after about an hour and a half of pretty severe fighting. On our part, the loss sustained could not exceed two hundred men in all; on the part of the Americans, at least double that number had fallen. The dead, indeed, lay in clusters far more frequent, and far more numerous, than any where I at least discovered on the field of Bladensburg; and as the proportion between the killed and wounded in an army is usually as five to one, it was easy to collect that the whole amount of persons rendered *hors-de-combat* must have been very considerable. Yet there was not amongst us one man who did not feel that the victory had been purchased at a terrible price,—it had cost the life of our general, and in so doing, had crippled all our resources.

The day being now considerably advanced, and the troops somewhat fatigued by their exertions, our new leader determined to halt for that night on the field which he had won. With this view, the bugles were directed to sound the recall; whilst the quarter-master general proceeded to fix upon a proper spot for the bivouac, and to station the out-posts. Nor were the medical attendants of the army unmindful of their important charge. There chanced to be, in the line of the late operations, two houses of some size; these were of course occupied, and the smaller and more incommodious being selected as head-quarters, the larger and better was devoted to the accommodation of the wounded. Thither all who had not been already dressed upon the field and sent back to the boats were conveyed; nor was the smallest distinction made between the Americans and the English. To say the truth, however, they were but indifferently provided for. The owners having removed every piece of furniture out of the house, the poor soldiers could only be huddled together on the floors of the different apartments; and as our medical officers were few in number, the delay in paying attention to their wounds was in some cases very great. Yet few,

either of the English or the Americans, complained. A groan or a shriek would, indeed, occasionally strike upon the ear of the by-stander; and even a querulous exclamation, as the moving of another's leg or arm happened to bring it into contact with some unfortunate man's broken limb. But there were no murmurs; no whinings because one or other was not immediately looked to. On the contrary, the instances were not rare in which one wounded man would entreat the surgeon to pass him by for the present, that the wound of another more seriously hurt might be dressed in the first place. It is a great mistake to imagine that war renders men necessarily selfish. In such campaigns as that of the French in Russia, where suffering may be said to have reached its height, the better feelings of human nature become, without doubt, entirely blunted; but in ordinary cases, the inquirer will find as much of real generosity and noble-mindedness among soldiers in the field, as among any class of human society.

The troops being checked, not without some difficulty, in the midst of their ardour, the different regiments collected round their colours, and formed into close column. Fires were then, as usual, lighted; and there, but a short space removed from the bodies of the slain, we prepared to pass the night.

## The Selector,

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

THE following smart and piquant bit of pleasantry, on the probable result of the expedition to the North Pole, is taken from *May Fair*,—a clever, satirical poem which has just made its appearance. To adopt the language of a contemporary, our readers, from the specimen now afforded, may form a fair judgment on the general merits of the work.

- “ He takes five hundred pecks of coals ! ”—
- “ No doubt he'll liquefy the poles ! ”—
- “ He's ballasted with flying sledges, ”—
- “ The saints preserve the Arctic hedges ! ”—
- “ Some gallons of Sir Humphrey's acid, ”—
- “ Just half a pint makes Ocean placid ; ”—
- “ A liquid, with a Bramah stopper,
- For raising—Brushwood upon copper. ”—
- “ A set of patent music-boxes
- To lure the buffaloes and foxes ;
- French watches for the Polar frows,
- The new steam-acting Perkins' ploughs ;

The seeds of all the favourite spices,  
 The last machines for making ices.—  
 The cargo quite a thing of fact—  
 "Sir! listen, if you like a fact:  
 After three months' ice parading,  
 After three months' masquerading,  
 After three months' knocks and bumps  
 That bring his lugger to her stumps;  
 After loss of pipes and spoons,  
 Deficit of pantaloons;  
 Hair-breath 'scapes of white bear paws,  
 Sentimental loves of Squaws;  
 Just as he espied the channel,  
 Brought to his last yard of flannel;  
 All his best cigars burnt out,  
 Winds all whistling 'right about;  
 Quarter-day you'll have him back,  
 With his volume in his pack."

### ANECDOTES OF MR. HULL, AN ACTING-MANAGER OF CO- VENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

IN the April preceding, Mr. Hull, who had been the predecessor of Mr. Lewis as acting-manager of Covent-Garden, departed this life; and never was actor more deservedly respected, as a friend, a gentleman, and a scholar. From having been always deputed to address the house, both while manager and previously, he had acquired a habit of framing all his speeches, however private or familiar his audience, in the precise style of his theatrical apologies. One night of public rejoicing, he gave the mob in Martlett-court, Bow-street, where he then resided, a barrel of porter; and, mob-like, as soon as they had drunk it, they began to break his windows in order to get more. Mr. Hull, who had been taking a moderate glass in celebration of whatever the event might have been which had called forth his liberality,—on understanding the cause of the tumult, addressed the turbulent knaves from his first-floor window, exactly in the urbane and gentlemanly tone and manner which he always so naturally assumed on the stage:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I lament exceedingly to be under the necessity of offering an apology this evening; but I am obliged to state that all the strong beer has been subject to a sudden and severe attack, in consequence of which it has disappeared, and in this predicament, having at a very short notice, procured a cask of small, we hope to meet with your usual indulgence." I was behind Covent-Garden scenes one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his debut in *Othello*; Mr. Hull played *Gratiano*. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to

kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—"I took by the throat the circumcised dog," when, almost at his wits' end for something to "smite him" with, he looked round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull's hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and on *Othello's* abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *debutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice,—"For God Almighty's sake, don't, Sir—it is a real sword!" and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house.

*Didkin's Reminiscences.*

### SONNET.

BY MISS MITFORD.

WITHIN my little garden is a flower,  
 A tuft of flowers, most like a sheaf of corn,  
 The lilac blossomed daisy that is born  
 At Michaelmas, wrought by the gentle power  
 Of this sweet Autumn into one bright shower  
 Of blooming beauty; Spring hath naught more  
 fair,

Four sister butterflies inhabit there:  
 Gay gentle creatures! Round that odorous bower  
 They weave their dance of joy the livelong day,  
 Seeming to bless the sunshine: and at night  
 Fold their enamelled wings as if to pray.  
 Home-loving pretty ones! would that I might  
 For richer gifts as cheerful tribute pay,  
 So meet the rising dawn, so hail the parting ray!

*Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.*

### SLIPS OF THE PEN.

I REMEMBER seeing a manuscript musical scene of *Oscar and Malvina*, in which the copyist had converted "Chorus of Bards and Peasants," into "*Chorus of Birds and Pheasants*." In the part of *Whimsiculo*, in *The Cabinet*, the saucy valet is made to ask, "What! do you take me for a post, a porter, or a running footman?" Imagine my surprise, when at the first rehearsal, Mr. Fawcett read from his manuscript character, through a mistake of the copyist, arising entirely from my unintelligible autography,—"*What do you take me for a pot of porter or a running footman?*" Again, a stage direction in *The Birth-Day*, should say, that Jack Junk "runs to embrace her (Mrs. Moral) and misses his aim;" instead of which was written—"runs to embrace

her, and kisses her arm." I could mention many other whimsical errors having birth from the same cause, but shall intrude no further than to state that Mr. Simmons, (father of the talented little actor of that name, who so many years delighted the town at Covent-Garden,) being a receiver of tickets and orders at the theatre, was so convinced of my inability to write a plain and legible hand, that he actually, one evening, refused an order of mine because he could read it.

*Dibdin's Reminiscences.*

### READING SOCIETIES.

THE establishment of reading societies is a feature almost peculiar to modern times, and deserves attention, not more as a new organ of instruction, than as a fresh auxiliary to individual and social happiness. Besides that we are made acquainted with a greater number of books than our solitary means could command, the plan secures, in some degree, the perusal of them, by the parties with whom we stand connected, and with several of whom we may be on terms of intimacy. Hence we are always more or less furnished with materials for rational conversation, which, in the estimation of a well-instructed mind, is the principal charm of companionship. It is an excellent improvement, which distinguishes many of the societies alluded to, that meetings are regularly convened, for the purpose of mutual discourse, on the various publications which may have engaged our private reading. The prospect of having to advance an opinion on the merits of a work awakens a closer attention to the sentiments of the author, and to the nature of the subject; and the opportunity of hearing the remarks of different members, which compose the body, strengthens or corrects the views we have entertained, enlarges the sphere of our knowledge, and keeps up a glowing and perpetual interest. The beneficial influence which results from the adoption of this practice, may well excite surprise that it is not more general. No critical acumen, no logical accuracy, no talent for public speaking, is necessary to carry the design into effect. We have only to ascertain the design of the writer, to recollect some of his principal arguments and illustrations, and then to express ourselves with all the freedom of the most familiar intercourse.

*Hathaway's Essays.*

### ASHE PLANTS.

DR. HODLEY ASHE, one of the guests (late deceased) was nephew of Dr. Hodley, who wrote the *Suspicious Husband*.

I had the pleasure of sitting next Dr. Ashe at dinner, when he began a story with—"As eleven of my daughters and I were crossing Piccadilly," "Eleven of your daughters, doctor?" I rather rudely interrupted. "Yes, Sir," rejoined the doctor, "I have nineteen daughters all living; never had a son; and Mrs. Ashe, myself, and nineteen female *Ashe plants*, sit down one-and-twenty to dinner every day. Sir, I am smothered with petticoats."

*Dibdin's Reminiscences.*

### LITERARY LABOUR.

IT will be recollected, that many of the arts and sciences which embellish society are the fruits of patient application; and, therefore, an occasional glance at the silent, but glorious evolutions of the mind, would compel sentiments of lively gratitude. The artificer goes to his daily labour, and by means of his tools and materials constructs the intended piece of mechanism; but he seldom calls to remembrance the skill of the inventor, or the laborious investigation in which he was exercised before he gave his discovery to the light of day. The scholar is enraptured as he passes from one object of study to another, and receives fresh ideas of order, harmony, and grandeur. How numerous the struggles with obscurity! How profound the inquiries! How undivided the attention to logical accuracy, which preceded the formation of the different systems, to whose accurate arrangements he is indebted for the lights and facilities which direct him in his studies. We sit round our family fire-side, and are delighted while we listen to a member of the domestic circle, reading the composition of some superior author; the force of his arguments, the aptness of his illustrations, and the frequent introduction of natural and beautiful imagery, enchain the attention and engage the heart. But how rarely do we pause to consider the midnight toil endured in collecting the materials, in conducting the process of thought, and in diffusing over the whole the colours and visions of poetry.

*Hathaway's Essays.*

### KELLY AND THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

WHEN Mr. Kelly lived near the Opera-House, I remember his calling on me one day, about Christmas, in a hack, to take me to his home to meet Madame Bolla, Signors Naldi, Morelli, and some other musical "stars," at a dinner party. As our way lay through Windmill-street, I asked Kelly to permit my making a

momentary visit to the late eminent surgeon, Mr. James Wilson, with whom I had the pleasure of many years' intimacy, and who then occupied the spacious mansion, museum, and anatomical theatre of the celebrated John Hunter. Kelly, of course, made no objection to my calling, but begged to wait for me in the coach, which I would not hear of; Kelly gave as a reason, that he had an insurmountable antipathy to the bare idea of anything relating to anatomy; and having heard of many frolics practised by surgical students upon their friends, he felt averse from entering a house which he understood was full of subjects, skeletons, and preparations. I assured him that all those affairs were at the back of the premises, and perfectly detached from the part of the house we should visit. The door opening while I spoke, we walked in together; and I left Kelly in a parlour, while the servant conducted me to Mr. Wilson. In the apartment where this able professor of the knife and probe (which he applied only, as the critics do, (ahem!) to "mend, and not to wound,") was sitting, was a large table, on which I distinctly saw three naked bodies extended, their heads hanging over the edge of the board, and an attendant, who instantly, on my entrance, threw a cloth over them, at the same time remarking to his master, that they were the finest and cheapest he had ever seen. How much I was surprised, and whether or not as greatly alarmed as poor Kelly would have been, the reader will hereafter determine; at the time, I affected to take no notice, but briefly paid my compliments, and stated the cause of my intrusion, which was a message to the surgeon from my friend, Mr. Lewis, then an invalid. Wilson pressed me to stay dinner; I told him of my pre-engagement; and Mr. Wilson, on learning Mr. Kelly was in the house, went and fetched him into the *sanctum sanctorum*. I then jokingly rallied Kelly on his fears, the nature of which I related to Wilson, who laughed heartily, adding, "I am sure, Mr. Kelly, upon reflection, would be more pleased than alarmed if he were to inspect three subjects I have bought this morning." "B-b-bought?" stammered Kelly. "Yes," replied Wilson; "I purchased them of a man who provides me with such things from a ground in the country." "And how do you get them conveyed?" asked I. "By the stage," said Wilson, very coolly; "and as these are uncommonly beautiful, and perfectly fresh, though they came a great way, if you have a coach at the door, you shall

carry which of the three you please home with you." Kelly was too much astonished to make any reply; but, his back being towards the table, which he had not yet perceived, and to which Wilson advanced.—Mike kept retreating, and deprecating any further mention of the subject, or rather *subjects*; when his retrograde progress, *Hibernice*, being suddenly impeded by the board behind him, he instinctively extended his arm to save himself from a fall; and never shall I forget the climax of horror his countenance exhibited when his hand pressed on the clay-cold bosom of as beautiful a ready-plucked Christmas turkey as ever came from the poultry-ground of a Norfolk dealer. Wilson immediately removed the cloth; and I need not attempt to describe the hearty laugh which followed the unlooked-for *éclaircissement*, nor the complete change of sentiment in Kelly as to admitting the finest of the three unplumed corpses into the coach with us.

*Diddin's Reminiscences.*

BULLS.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Mike, "Harry Johnston's mad; his leap was as absurd as his making me act harlequin. What could induce him?" "Why," replied I, "it was not very unnatural; in the warmth of the instant, carried away by the *cacoethes ludendi*, ('that's Latin,' said Kelly,) he forgot he had walked up a flight of stairs before dining." "Or, perhaps," rejoined Kelly, "he thought the room below had walked up stairs with him."

An Irishman ax'd "whether the weather-glass had fallen up or down;" and another countryman of mine (poor Pat!) going on the secret expedition, being dunned by a comrade for a debt of ten shillings,—tore a one-pound note in two, and the creditor accepted one of the halves as payment of his demand. A friend of mine lately translated "Tam Marti quam Mercurio" into "more military than civil."

I mentioned in the outset of these important records, that Mr. Aikin had answered for me at the font; I ventured on my first interview, to hint at such a circumstance, observing I had the honour to be spiritually related to him; his answer, in the mellow and gentlemanly half-Irish accent which distinguished him, was, "Shiver me, Sir, I remember the ceremony, but, upon my honour, I did not recollect you;" which was by no means astonishing, considering we had never met since the said ceremony had taken place.

*Ibid.*



## LETTER TO AN ACTING-MANAGER.

"SIR,—I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know My Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Cheif which I Can Play is Norval in 'Douglas,' and Lothair in the 'Miller and his Men;' and have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a Pheasant, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is So Strong, That i am like Lothair, 'Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,' my Services is Useless to Others and Miserable to myself. And further, i have to State, i am Very Expeditious at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expence; and i have one now in my Possession Which i have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours, if you think Proper to Engage Me."

"SIR,—I Take the Liberty of Inclosing a few Lines to Inform you that I am a Beautyfull Whistler If you Please to Give Me one Trial on the Stage.

Sir, I Remain your Obt. Set.

For Answer."

"To Mr. T. Dibdin, Esq. Proprietor of the Royal Circus.

*Ibid.*

## Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,  
Anecdote and joke :  
Our recollections ;  
With gravities for graver folk.

## MATURIN.

On one occasion, shortly after the publication of "Melmoth," the king's visit to Ireland inspired the patriotism of her poets with grateful sensibilities ; and Maturin, amongst the rest, thought the opportunity a good one for a poetical compliment to the monarch. Accordingly he set about his poem, but was at a loss to fix upon a measure that would equally suit the purpose and his own taste. A continuous stanza would never answer ; it should be something at least alternate, that would preserve him from the labours of perpetual rhyme ; he fixed upon the alternate octo-syllable measure. But Maturin's skill in this species of composition was certainly inferior to his genius. In vain he endeavoured to check the exuberance of his fancy, and chain it down to eight syllables : the difficulty of producing four perfect lines alternately was insur-

mountable ; and he at length determined on dropping the rhyme between the first and third, so that only the second and fourth should harmonize. Ultimate, or pen-ultimate, or ante-pen-ultimate, were all one to Maturin ; he despised the jingle, and could not accomplish it. He completed three lines ; and a friend, who assures me that Maturin communicated the fact to him, has given them to me : they are,

"Stars of Erin, shine out ! shine out !

The night of thy sorrow is past,  
And the dawn of a joyous day —"

Thus far the poet proceeded ; and it may appear incredible that he could proceed no farther. After many attempts he produced two final lines, but rejected them both. One was,

"Rises upon thee at last."

But the measure was incomplete, and he changed it to,

"Rises on thee and for thee at last."

And here the measure was superabundant. In a transport of rage he flung the paper into the fire. It is worthy of remark, too, that his principal reason for being dissatisfied with the last line was, that its termination too closely resembled Moore, who, he said, had established a sort of copyright in the expression.

It was not inability to conquer the difficulties of rhyme that produced this aversion to it ; it was rather a rooted aversion to it that produced the difficulties. He had a natural distaste to the constant return of sound arising from the restraints it threw upon his luxuriant fancy ; and he required more preparation for a stanza than he would for a chapter of romance.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## HUMANITY.

TRINE hopes—lost anchors buried in the deep,  
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep,  
Whose cables, loose aloft and fixed below,  
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE SHEPHERDS OF SCOTLAND.

THERE is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish-schools afford ; are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures of truth ; deeply read in theological works ; and really, I am sorry to say it, generally much better informed than their masters. Every shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he do not manage it with constant care, caution, and decision, he cannot be employed. A part of the stock is his own, however, so that his in-



terest in it is the same with that of his master, and being thus the most independent of men, if he cherish a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he lose the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

## CURRAN.

THE single exercise that he most frequently repeated for the purpose of improving his action and intonation, was the speech of Antony over Cæsar's body, from Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar." This he considered to be a masterpiece of excellence, comprising in itself, and involving in its delivery, the whole compass of the art. He studied it incessantly, and pronounced it with great skill, but though he delighted his auditors, he never entirely satisfied himself; he uniformly recommended it as a lesson to his young friends at the bar.—*Curran's Life, by his Son.*

## RUINS OF HOLY PLACES.

For what survives of house, where God  
Was worshipped, or where man abode;  
For old magnificence undone;  
Or for the gentler work begun  
By Nature, softening and concealing,  
And busy with a hand of healing—  
The altar, whence the cross was rent,  
Now rich with mossy ornament—  
The dormitory's length laid bare,  
Where the wild rose blossoms fair:  
And sapling ash, whose place of birth  
Is that lordly chamber's hearth—  
She sees a warrior carv'd in stone  
Among the thick weeds stretched alone,  
A warrior, with his shield of pride  
Cleaving humbly by his side,  
And hands in resignation prest  
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast.

WORDSWORTH.

## EARLY RISING.

THE morning of every day is the beginning of every man's life. One of your greatest errors—for I know you well, and do not mean to flatter you—one of your greatest errors is, that you do not seize on these beginnings of life so early as you might do. You lived yesterday to a good old age, and died last night after the powers of your mind and body were entirely exhausted. But I must remind you, my friend, that you have spent the greater part of the youth of this day in the state of the dead. The great business of your life was up before you; you have been running after it this whole afternoon, and I am afraid you will not overtake it till old age overtakes you.—*Gener.*

## COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

BARON HOLBAIRCH, in a conversation on theatrical works, thus describes Come-

dy and Tragedy:—"The business of a comedy is always a marriage, and that of tragedy a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—Shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—Shall they kill, or shall they not kill? They shall marry—they shall kill, and so ends the first act; they shall not marry—they shall not kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises, and prevents the marriage and the murder, and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill, which completes the piece."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A YOUNG man who was being lately examined by the minister of Chelsea, prior to the confirmation, was asked, among other questions, "Who is the mediator between Almighty God and his people?" after a pause and scratching his head, replied, "The archbishop of Canterbury!!!" A roar of laughter followed, the minister covered his face with his book, and turned away to choose some other person.

A WITTY writer says, in praise of laughter—"Laughter has even dissipated disease, and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchler and Von Hutten, that he broke an imposthume and recovered his health." In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again, putting only his tongue in it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, whilst the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom of the cup. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion, that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury, threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 10, Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

